

Veriticus

**The English Monarchy
-the lies, and the deceit**

Copyright © 2012 by Veriticus

ISBN: 978-0-646-53126-7

Published by The Candid Scribe Pty Ltd

First published June 2015. Republished December 2022

Category: The Truth. (Non-Fiction)

Dear Reader,

When you write **Fiction**, you can get away with **Murder**.

When you deal in the Truth, **you have to get it right**,
and especially so, when your writings are about powerful and ruthless people,
because there is a law called **Libel**, and places called **Court Houses**, and **Prisons**.
So dear reader, you can believe what you are about to read, **because it is the Truth**.
In the case of speculation, what follows is as **close to the Truth** as one can expect.

This book has been written in Australian English,
the language spoken by us ordinary Aussies.

It is a much more colourful and exciting language than the prim and boring English tongue,
and by far more interesting than the **indecorous, badly-spelled American** language.

It is essential reading for anyone planning to visit Australia.
It will, -at the least, help the visitor to better understand the Australian spoken word.

A glossary is included for the reader's enlightenment and amusement.

The Contents

Chapter		Page
1	The Monarchy in Britain	1
2	A German Queen and a little English duck	2
3	Long-murmured rumours	3
	The Glossary	29
4	An interesting observation	36
5	A most important commentary	37
6	A nice little story	44
7	Foreign Domination	48
8	Conclusion	49
9	A question for the reader	51
10	Who is 'your' daddy?	53
11	A Matter of Interest	69
	A message from the writer	75

Chapter One

The Monarchy in Britain

'Sachsen-Coburg und Götha'

was the family name of *Queen* Elizabeth II, -of the German House of Hanover, up until her grandfather *King* George V, -in 1917, **secretly** changed the family name to '**Windsor**', in an attempt to conceal from the British people, the fact that

'A German Monarchy' rules Britain.

At that time, -in 1917, Germany and Britain were at war with each other and, in England, 'being a German King accountable for the slaughter of British soldiers' was not such a good idea, -and especially when it became clearly-apparent that it was 'Britain' that was going to 'win' the war, so George Sachsen-Coburg und Götha **secretly** changed his name to '**Windsor**', -to save his neck, and the poor, trusting, war-weary Britons were so easily deceived, and still, -to this day, do they remain so.

Changing the name does not change the blood, nor does it change the history.

'A German Monarchy still rules Britain'.

-and Australia, -and New Zealand, -and Canada.

Chapter Two

A German Queen and a little English duck

This is a true story about **Elizabeth II, the German Queen of England.**

Evidence of this event is to be found on film or video news-reel recording.

On one of her many estates, and clad in 'her bird-shooting-garb', she shot at a little duck.

It was a poor shot, she only winged it, the little duck was still very much alive.

One of her 'bird-shooting-dogs' collected the injured little duck and dropped it at her feet.

Picking-up the little duck, she gripped it with her left hand around its little neck, close to its body, and with her right hand she grasped it around its neck, close to its head and, -keeping her left hand still, in one practiced movement she turned her right hand knuckle-down, jerking it downward as she did then, -completely devoid of emotion, she tossed the now-presumably-dead little duck to the ground to add to her collection of already slaughtered little ducks.

She did not kill those little ducks because she was hungry and needed their little bodies for food. She did not kill them because they had offended her, nor because of something they might have said.

'She killed them for fun', -because to her, 'killing little ducks is a fun way to pass the time', almost as much fun as shooting English peasants.

20 April 2012.

Chapter Three
Long-murmured rumours

An Explanation

This chapter is based upon the rumours that surrounded the Monarchy in the years 1950 to 2006.

The source of almost all of the rumours would have been 'leaks' from within the Palace itself which, -once out in the open, spread rapidly throughout the ~~Kingdom~~, the Queendom.

In those early days, apart from Elvis Presley, Mohammed Ali, and Manchester United, there was little else of interest for people to talk about.

In those times, Monarchs were said to be '**born of God**', -to be worshipped with awe and reverence.

Whenever the Palace's closely guarded secrets spilled out they were eagerly seized upon.

The more spicy the story, the quicker it spread.

Those rumours cannot be allowed to fade into obscurity.

Someone had to put the story to paper, -and that task has fallen to this poor writer.

In the reporting of these rumours, the quietude of certain persons will be disturbed.

Those certain persons have, -by wrongful and devious means,
long set themselves apart from the people,
and have long deceived the people into believing that-

“‘They’ are ‘Special People’, through whose veins flows the ‘Blue Blood of God’,
and that consequently they are to be afforded special privileges,
and must be held in high esteem, and worshipped, -even as gods themselves.”

Well, the quietude of these privileged few is now held to be subordinate to the truth,
so these ‘long-murmured rumours’ **must** be reported.

Whether there is any substance to these rumours or not, is not for the writer to say,
the writer’s task is merely to report upon them.

It is quite possible that some of the rumours are no more than just a load of old rubbish
but then again, -as they say, “Where there is smoke, there is usually fire”.

These rumours concern 'an old German sheila' who lives in England and calls herself 'Queenie'.

She loves eating caviar, drinking champagne, and riding-around on the backs of the Poms, and she finds a perverted pleasure in killing harmless, defenceless and inoffensive little birds.

One day, -many-many-years-ago, this old German sheila (Queenie.) met a balding Greek bloke, a man named Phillip of Battenburg, -a man of questionable noble birth.

A man who loves to dress in expensive uniform, covered with lots of gold braid and ornament, with lots of **unearned** medals and ribbons pinned onto the uniform's left breast, and who loves to pretend that he is a very brave and much decorated Senior Naval Officer, in much the same manner as one would expect of a despotic African Dictator.

Well Queenie and this Greek bloke discovered that they had much in common.

They both loved eating caviar, and drinking champagne, and riding-around on people's backs, and they each claimed to have the **Blue Blood of God** flowing through their veins; -each claiming to be directly descended from God **and** *Queen* Victoria.

They married, and this Greek bloke, now 'Prince' Phillip, then furtively slipped one into Queenie.

Nine months later, -on 14 November 1948, out popped 'a sprog' called 'Prince Charlie'.

Sometime later, -at around about Christmas-time 1949, the Greek was at it again,
and on the fifteenth day of August 1950 Princess Anne was born.

By this time, Prince Charles was twenty-one months old,
and, -according to the rumours, was slow to develop.

It was expected that by twenty-one months, he would be walking, and starting to talk.

Apparently, -according to the rumours, it was not so with Charles,
-instead there were signs of intellectual disability.

When it became undeniably clear that the Queen's first child,
was of a noticeably 'retarded' nature,
'the blame' was laid at the feet of the Queen's Greek husband, 'Phillip of Battenburg',
because it was inconceivable, -it was totally unthinkable,
that an 'English' Queen, -'born of God', could have defective genes.

This of course was a matter of great concern for The Establishment,
and it was the end of making 'royal' babies for the Greek!

At that time, virtually all of the ordinary people in Britain were completely unaware of the fact
that Elizabeth was not 'an English Queen', but was 'a German aristocrat', -and was not 'born of God'.

As Princess Anne's infancy developed, her condition was also questioned.

The English Establishment could not afford to take the risk of having the Queen give birth to yet another 'defective' child.

To have done so, would be to immediately tear to shreds the credibility of the Monarchy, -because the British masses had long been 'conditioned' to believe that 'being born of God', the 'royals' were of perfection, and could do no wrong.

A cloud of secrecy then enveloped the Palace, rumours became few, and far between.

Little is known of the early childhood of Charles and Anne, -other than what the Palace wanted us to know.

We do know that Charles would have received attention and treatment from the finest developmental paediatricians and doctors in the land.

His cognitive ability however, prevented his integration into England's education system, and he was denied entry into any of the British schools or colleges.

His education, for what it was, was conducted entirely within the Palace walls.

Fortunately, Queenie owned an island called 'Australia', which translated reads- 'The land of hero-worshippers, of rotting kangaroos, and slowly-starving-to-death little joeys'.

It was then decided that Charles could be sent to a school in Australia.

Australia is a cultural backwater. He would be amongst students of lesser intellect, and no-one in England would ever know.

In 1966, -when he had attained the age of eighteen, Queenie packed Charlie off to Australia where he went to a Geelong Grammar School campus (ages 12 to 16.) with the name 'Timber-Tops'.

At Timber-Tops, Charlie showed himself to be 'a prize dope', -the product of in-breeding, and his classmates quickly changed his name to '**Charlie the Drongo-Prince**', or simply, '**the Drongo**'.
(In Australia, the word Drongo implies 'idiot', 'stupid person', etc.)

Charlie the Drongo Prince, -Britain's next King, was denied a British education because, -despite having a *Queen* for a mother and a *Prince* for a father, -and even with intensive tutoring, he was not intelligent-enough to reach the required entry-level of the lowest British school.

Even being able to speak with a royal cultured voice could not get him an English education, which is a serious matter when it applies to the next half-German, half-Greek, 'King' of England.

That was why they sent him to Australia to be schooled.

For whatever reason, the Drongo soon fled from the tree school and returned to Pommy-land, where he passed his time eating caviar, drinking champagne, 'sloping around' and, -as with the others of Royal birth, riding around on the backs of the Poms.

Now, -even though he was a handsome prince, the Drongo could not make it with the girls,
-keeping in mind that he really was a prize dope.

Well one day, -it seemed, the Drongo, -now at the age of thirty-three,
'cracked-on' to an innocent nineteen-year-old girl called 'Diana'.

It was, -it appears, a romance arranged, -in desperation, by the palace.

Some weeks later, -in July 1981, - the Drongo and the now 'Lady' Diana were married.

Those murmured rumours told-

"Queenie was impatient for the Drongo to stick-it-into-the now 'Princess' Diana, -and make a sprog,
in order to ensure continuation of the Royal-Germanic-Line's proud history
of fearless shooters of inoffensive, defenceless, and unsuspecting little animals and birds."

In keeping with this proud history, the Drongo described himself as 'a shooter of small creatures'.

If the Drongo's prowess with a gun, matches his prowess with a pen,
then the animals and the birds in the Royal Forest can expect to live a long and healthy life.

But back to “the making of Princess Diana’s first sprog”.

The story was that-

“The Drongo had tried, -and tried, -and tried again, but his efforts were all in vain.”

It was understood, that tests had shown that Princess Diana’s organs were functioning properly,
and that **the Drongo’s fertility-test-results ‘had somehow gone astray’**.

The rumour-mill was grinding away.

Queenie, -it was said, was fast becoming frustrated and, -in desperation,
‘had commanded’ that the bald-headed old Greek **‘must now attend to Princess Diana’**
which, -speculation suggests, he did.

This despite Princess Diana's concerns and protestations.

Ask yourself dear reader.

In such circumstances, who could a lonely nineteen-year-old girl,
-far away from her family and friends,
-newly-married to 'a 33-year-old mummy's boy',
-confined in a totally strange place, and surrounded by totally dysfunctional people,
and perhaps cajoled into an act which, -in any normal person's eyes, could only be seen as rape.
Who could she turn to for guidance and comfort?

The question must be asked. "Could it have been her older sister Sarah, whom she turned to?"

Could it have been Sarah, -concerned about her little sister's welfare,
 who had inadvertently let it slip 'that Prince Charles was infertile'
 and that her little sister had been forced to submit to the bald-headed old Greek?

If so, she could not be blamed.

But it may not have been her!

It might have been a confidant who found 'such news' too hard to contain.

Whatever the case, it resulted in one of the fastest-spreading rumours in British history.

The rumour that Prince Charles had proved to be infertile, it is now clear, was well founded, and it was certainly this, **and the conception of William**, that was the cause of Diana's discontent. Mrs. Camilla Parker Bowles, -seemingly ever the opportunist, took good advantage of the situation.

The lackadaisical Prince seemed to be entranced by her, and he eagerly danced to her tune, -no doubt captivated by her probable talent in the art of fellatio, and the like.

The young Diana was ill-equipped to deal with such competition from Mrs. Camilla Parker Bowles who henceforth, -for the sake of brevity, will be referred to as just 'Parker Bowles'.

It was this situation that spawned the saga of '**The Mysterious Red-Haired Guardsman**'.

Diana became the focus of media attention, and rumours about her abounded.

The Queenom was captivated by the mystery, the subterfuge, and by the deceit that followed.

The newspapers loved it, and so too did their readers. The nation was hooked on 'rumours'.

It followed that some thirty-odd weeks later, -irrespective of who was the actual father,
 out popped **'the sprog called *Prince Willy*'**,
 here referred to as **William, Arthur, Phillip, Louis, Battenburg-Spencer**, -aka **William Windsor**.
 A half-Greek, half-English, young half-brother to the Drongo, and himself likewise, not too bright.
 Another-one who loves to dress in expensive uniform, and this made Queenie really-really-happy.
 Overflowing with euphoria, she raced out and slaughtered some more unfortunate little ducks.

It was obvious that Princess Diana was not amused at having her body 'used' in such a manner
 and that she, -in order to give vent to her discontent,
 had chosen to take her displeasure out on the Drongo
 for whom, -by now, she had scant affection or respect.

Princess Diana's unobtrusive torment upset the poor Drongo and made him feel very-very-sad,
 and left him exposed and vulnerable to the wiles and cunning of any 'wanna-be Queen'.
 So it was that he ended-up **'crying on the sagging-bosom of that ugly, married sheila'**,
 -called **'Parker Bowles'**.

Her 'royal' husband's open and treacherous behaviour with Parker-Bowles
 even further hurt and distressed Princess Diana so, -to spite the Drongo, **-and his mother**,
 she contrived an assignation with a **red-haired soldier**
 who became widely known as;- **'The Mysterious Red-Haired Guardsman'**.



Now, -for a moment, we need to get deadly-serious.

It does not happen that educated, well-to-do ladies, '**accidentally**' fall pregnant outside of marriage,
-not in this age of '**the birth-control pill**' and '**the morning-after pill**',
and certainly not, when '**the old lady with the knitting-needles**' lives just around the corner.

In accordance with her secret and vengeful plan, -and having thrown-away the pills,
Princess Diana arranged for the mysterious red-haired guardsman,
- a British Army Major named **James Hewitt**,
to start slipping-it-into-her.

The rumours continued-

When Princess Diana was confident that she had been properly fixed-up, -and was with child,
she started being really-really-nice to the Drongo
and, **-as 'an-extra-special-treat', she allowed him to throw the leg over.**

Some two weeks later she told him- **"Charlie darling, I think you've done it! -I'm preggers!"**

At not quite the speed of a bullet from a gun, the now thirty-four-year-old Drongo rushed to Queenie.

"Mummy-Mummy-Mummy, I've done it, I've done it, I've done it."

"I've made Princess Diana preggers."

Words could not describe Queenie's delight. She was ecstatic!

Exuding exuberance, she raced out and killed another batch of poor-little-ducks.

Joy and happiness reigned supreme, in **'The House of Sachsen-Coburg und Götha'**.

Eight months later,

-when out popped a little head, **wearing a red beard,**

it became a different story.

'Queenie was absolutely furious' at having been set-up.

Queenie, -rumours told, forbade the Drongo from ever again even speaking to Princess Diana, but this seemed to not unduly worry him because, -by this time, he was already porking the ugly sheila, and was well under her spell.

This resulted in the marriage of Princess Diana and the adulterous Drongo becoming strained.

In spite of his vows, the adulterous Drongo continued his relationship with the adulteress.

Princess Diana and the adulterous Drongo later divorced, the Drongo then marrying the adulteress.

In time, Princess Diana met a really-really-nice Arab bloke, -called Dodi, whose dad had a shop*.

It was said that, "Upon learning of this, **Queenie began to breathe fire!**"

"That 'she was **not** having any wogs' in 'her' extended family!"

They reckoned that she was so angry that she could not even shoot straight!

(-which was rather lucky for the little ducks.)

Princess Diana and Dodi were later killed in an unexplainable horrendous car accident which happened, -at night, in a normally accident-free, high-speed, Parisian road tunnel.

It was 'an accident' which was shrouded in secrecy and cover-up, and in lies and deceit!

This gave rise to conspiracy theories, the most convincing one being;-

**"That Princess Diana and Dodi and their chauffeur had been purposely 'murdered',
-to prevent Princess Diana from revealing the true identity
of the fathers of 'Prince' William and 'Prince' Harry,**

and also, to prevent 'a wog' from becoming a part of the German Royal Family;
and that this was done **on the orders of the bald-headed old Greek, -at the command of Queenie."**

* called Harrods

Out of choice, this writer does not possess a television-set

but, -years ago, -on a friend's set, the writer can recall watching a programme in which an American police car was in hot pursuit of a car being driven by 'a villain'.

The villain's car sped-dangerously through a small town, disregarding red traffic lights and narrowly avoiding colliding with other cars.

Once outside of the town's limits, -and still in hot pursuit, the driver of the police car then used the front right-hand corner of his vehicle to push the rear left-hand corner of the vehicle driven by the villain, quickly to the right, perhaps dislodging the vehicles left-hand rear half-axle, thus making the vehicle un-steerable.

This resulted in the villain losing control of his vehicle, and veering and swerving wildly, -the villain's vehicle then, -as a consequence, leaving the road and colliding with a small tree, thus ending the pursuit.

The writer does not know the description of this police 'manoeuvre'.

There are many-many theories as to how and why Diana, Dodi, and Henri, -their chauffeur, died.

The writer doubts that Henri, -a competent driver, had consumed any alcohol whatsoever.

Perhaps there really were 'monarchial evil forces' at work that night.

Unless the driver of 'the other vehicle thought to be involved' decides to reveal the facts, we will likely never know the truth,

-unless photographs of the rear quarter of Henri's car, and especially of the rear wheel, can tell the real story and finally expose the truth.

One might expect that those rumour-mongers would also predict old Queenie's demise, and that the bald-headed old Greek would be shuffled-off to the side and out of the picture.

That the Drongo will change his name to 'the adulterous, divorced, Drongo King', and the ugly sheila will be crowned 'the adulterous, divorced, Consort', -or something like that. This will likely upset a good many Poms and the majority of their almost-antipodean cousins.

The rumour-mongers may also predict that the people on the then late-Queenie's island, being independent minded, and very good at cricket and rugby union will rebel, and will say-
"We're not having 'any bloody inbred Drongo' king-ing-it over us!"
 and that they will then change the island's name from '**Britain's Australian Penal Colony**' to-
'The Republic of Australia'

and, -in celebration, will have big parties and drink lots of 'piss' and make lots of noise. They'll smoke lots of dope and pop lots of pills and other illegal drugs, and will have lots of fights and, -from that day, everybody will live happily ever after.

Everybody that is except for **David Flint** and **Tony Abbott**. (the 'shirt-fronting' troublemaker.)

And that is it, for 'the rumours'.

Personally, this writer was beginning to doubt that there could be much substance to them.

A preface to the Glossary

'Sachsen-Coburg und Götha'

was the family name of *Queen* Elizabeth II, -of the German House of Hanover, up until her grandfather *King* George V, -in 1917, secretly changed the family name to '**Windsor**', in an attempt to conceal from the British people, **the fact that**

'A German Monarchy' rules Britain.

At that time, -in 1917, Germany and Britain were at war with each other and, in England, 'being a German King accountable for the slaughter of British soldiers' was not such a good idea, -and especially when it became clearly-apparent that it was 'Britain' that was going to 'win' the war, so George Sachsen-Coburg und Götha secretly changed his name to '**Windsor**', -to save his neck, and the poor, trusting, war-weary Britons were so easily deceived, and still, -to this day, do they remain so.

Changing the name does not change the blood, nor does it change the history.

'A German Monarchy still rules Britain'.

-and Australia, -and New Zealand, -and Canada.

Previous British and Australian Governments have, -either knowingly or unknowingly, been complicit in the continued deceit of the British people by the German Monarchy.

Today, the governments of both Britain and Australia no longer have any excuse. They both must now be fully aware of the fraudulence of the Crown.

**The wealth of the Crown belongs to the people of Britain.
It does not belong to the Sachsen-Coburg und Götha family.**

The German-Queen must now relinquish the Crown and abdicate the Throne and return to the people of Britain all of that which is rightfully theirs.

In return, Elizabeth Sachsen-Coburg und Götha and her Greek husband, (Philip Battenburg.) could be allocated a small, rent-free cottage by the sea, and a not-overly-generous pension. Her children and her grandchildren, and the children of the late and much-loved Diana Spencer, must be left to find work and to support themselves, as Britons have to do.

**The British Government must now start to act in the interests of the British people.
It no longer has an excuse to not do so.**

Some words of advice to those monarchistic politicians,
and to any others who need to hear them.

Before you open your mouth, -and again put your foot in it, try to imagine yourself
in the position of those British and Commonwealth Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen who, -in 1918-19,
returned home from the war without their legs, or their arms, their sight or their sanity,
and spare another thought for 'the loved ones',
-the wives and the children who waited anxiously, -in vain, for the men who did not come back.

Just try to imagine what they might have had to say, had they found out that,
-after all the destruction, the suffering, the killing and the dying,
they were being secretly ruled by a German monarchy
whose loyalty, -in the First World War, appeared to be to the Kaiser's Germany,
and whose loyalty, -in the Second World War, clearly belonged to Hitler's Germany.

So, -before you start to shoot-off-at-the-mouth; do a bit of thinking,
and it is now time to acknowledge that the 1917 change of name was illegally done,
was done for wrongful reason, and was therefore unlawful,
and that '**the Sachsen-Coburg und Götha name**' still applies, and must be used,
and keep in mind, we will be watching your every move,
because we want to see whose side '**you**' are really on!

It has been observed and noted that, -since 1917,
those people of the German Monarchy in Britain,
-together with their hangers-on, -those of the German Aristocracy,
have gone to considerable lengths to try to re-invent themselves as being British,
which they are not!
They are 'German', and German Aristocrats have no place in Britain.

Charlie the Drongo Prince, -England's next King, was denied a British education because, -despite having a Queen for a mother and a Prince for a father, -and even with intensive tutoring, he was not intelligent-enough to reach the required entry-level of the lowest school.

Even being able to speak with a royal cultured voice could not get him an British education, which is a serious matter when it applies to the next **half-German, half-Greek**, 'King' of England, so they sent him to Australia to be schooled.

Now it has to be admitted that-

'When the brains were being handed out, most Australians were standing in the wrong queue'.

A recent survey by a leading Australian university indicated that-
**'Over-Seventy-per-cent of Australians' have the numeracy and literacy skills
of 'a not-too-bright seven-year-old child',**

but we Australians are really-really-good at sport, and especially so at watching it on TV, except for the cricket, where the unschooled players, commentators and news-readers alike, -along with the loyal fans, (-each of the Seventy-per-cent mob.) are the only people on this planet who are incapable of telling the difference between 'a batting score' and 'a bowling analysis'.

Even so, when, -in 1966, Charlie arrived at '**Timber-Tops**', his Australian class-mates who had been specially selected for the occasion, -and hand-picked for their low level of intellect, still showed him to be an absolute Drongo who, -it is clear, has not improved with age.

The Drongo has led a life of privilege and luxury, and he has not a thing to show for it!

This man, -like his mother and his father, his sister and his brothers, has led a useless, worthless life, where all he does is 'to slope-around all day'.

According to recently released Australian Government statistics,
almost One Million 'non-indigenous Australians' are unable to even write their own name.
(this out of a population of only 24 million.)

and these numbers do not include Australia's professional cricketers and commentators,
nor Australia's radio and television sport-result readers, nor the Downs syndrome people.

And, -whilst on the subject of cricket.

In a cricket 'batting score', the importance is upon 'the number of runs scored by a side',
and not upon 'the number of wickets that they have lost';

for example, for '**One Hundred and Fifty-Two** runs scored for the loss of **four** wickets'
we say- "We scored **152** for **4**."

Not knowing any better, Australia's 'Seventy-Percenters' say- "They scored **4** for **152**."

The batting side scores '**runs**', they don't score '**wickets**'.

Whereas in a 'bowling analysis' the focus is upon 'the number of wickets taken' by a bowler,
relative to 'the number of runs conceded' by that bowler;

ergo, for '**two wickets** taken by a bowler for **Forty-Three runs** conceded',
we say- "He took **2** for **43**."

but the 'Seventy-Percenters' have not yet learned about 'bowling analyses',
-nor of the finer points of cricket, -nor of how to properly hold a knife and fork.

Prince Phillip of 'Greece and Denmark', (aka. 'Phil. the Greek'.)
is understood to be the father of **both the Drongo and Prince William.**

He is now '**Sir Phil. the Greek**', thanks to the arrogance and stupidity of Australia's crawling, grovelling, knight-hood-seeking, shirt-fronting failed Prime Minister, "I'll give 'you' one of ours, and you give 'me' one of yours." (a knighthood.), who, -some might say, was more intent upon putting his own interests before those of Australia.

'**The Greek**' is said to be **the son of 'Anne of Battenburg'**, whose name he bears. The writer, -as with others, does not know who this man's biological father might have been. Less loyal subjects than we, may be tempted to suggest;- "Perhaps it runs in the family."

Every year, Britons cough-up hundreds of millions of pounds (Sterling.) to keep the German Queen and her Greek husband, and her children, and her grandchildren, and the children of others, and the hundreds of hangers-on, 'in obscene luxury, where they want for nothing, and all without them lifting as much as a finger to deserve it'; as well as paying big money for their country mansions, their servants, fancy uniforms and luxury cars, and, -if the man still lives, his weekly first-class flights to, -it is said, \$3,000-an-hour New York brothels, and this at a time of looming economic hardship for the Poms, of impending fiscal disaster, and of now, unstoppable climatic catastrophes.

What 'type' of mugs did you Poms say you were?

Now this reporter must concede-

Blind Freddy himself can clearly see that, -even when disguised in expensive uniform,
Prince William unmistakably bears a striking resemblance to the Greek,
and not even a half-brotherly similarity to Charlie the Drongo prince,
 and that Prince Henry (aka Harry Wales.) does not even remotely resemble *Prince* Charlie,
but he does look remarkably like his father, the mysterious red-haired guardsman.

This now brings into question the matter of succession in the German monarchy,
 and it shows the need for an urgent and transparent analysis of their genes. (Paternity tests.)

If they have nothing to hide, they have nothing to fear.

If 'the royals' are too mean to pay for their tests, and the British Government too poor,
 then 'this writer will happily pick-up the tab'.

(It is how one 'buys' a knighthood! -wink, wink.) 

If they continue to refuse to take the tests, they will merely lend voice to the call;-

“Off with their heads!”

The time has come for the Brits to very-seriously consider the need to start over again.

Dare one suggest that they might consider setting a sword, -perhaps a replica of 'Excalibur', in a well-rounded-corner of an eight-cubic-metre-block of high-grade, well reinforced concrete,

-the concrete block measuring some 2. metres x 2. metres x 2. metres,

with the block and the sword being then placed (both point down.) in murky water,

so as to closely resemble the setting of the original;

and that 'the one who then pulls the sword from the rock' can be 'the King of all Britain', -or 'the Queen', -because it might be 'a queer person', -or even 'a sheila', who pulls it out.

It would be really-really-good for both the British tourist industry and the British economy.

People would travel from all parts to tug on the sword and try to become King of the Poms.

At ten quid a go, you Poms would make a fortune. Mate, it would be 'goodbye money worries'.

If you do happen to do as one suggests then, -if you have even half a brain between the lot of you, you will, -at the very least, securely weld the sword to the reinforcement, and to even 'bend the blade',

before you pour the concrete. (*But keep it to yourselves!*)

That should ensure that never again would you Poms have to suffer 'royal' parasites riding-around on your poor tired backs!

and it should please the little ducks immensely,

not to mention 'the ghost of Geoffrey of Monmouth'.

And now, -at long, long last, to the Glossary proper.

The Glossary

an ugly sheila.	One who has long been addicted to taking 'ugly pills'.
a ripper sheila.	A bonza chick, a real knee raiser, a little beauty. A lovely lady, the object of every man's desire.
barstd.	A term of endearment. If an Australian calls you 'a barstd', it means he likes you, but if it sounds more like a guttural 'yooo barrstd', start running!
being 'set-up'.	Being led to believe that a thing is, when the thing isn't.
Drongo.	A person lacking in acumen and basic intellect who (-at 66 years old.) still calls his mother 'mummy'.
Excalibur.	A very big magic sword of the days of King Arthur. Of the days when Kings were fit to be Kings!
German sheila.	A sheila having more German blood than English blood. In this case, HM Elizabeth II. This story's wicked witch.

- Götha. A German name,
pronounced 'Gurtha', or 'Gurta', –or something like that.
(The writer has nothing against the German people, in fact he rather likes them, -especially the sheilas ;
-just as long as they are not trying 'to play the king' with him, or riding around on his back!)
- Greek bloke. A bloke born in Greece and having Greek blood.
In this case, Phillip of Battenberg, this story's villain.
- joey. The infant of the kangaroo who slowly starve to death
when their mothers are shot, -and left to die where they fall,
in their many thousands, by helicopter-borne hired guns,
in order that the greedy, already-super-wealthy graziers
can run a few more cattle and make a few more dollars.
- knitting needles. Nowadays used mainly in the process of knitting but,
in the good old 'olden days', -of 1970 and before,
those knitting needles were 'the tools of the backstreet abortionist'.
- Lady Diana. The lovely heroine of this story. (sadly deceased.)
- parasite. One who rides around on the backs of other people
and who gets fat at their expense. (See Queenie.)
- preggers. The 'royal' way of saying;- 'Pregnant with child'.



Prince Charlie.

properly fixed up.

Queenie.

Queen Victoria.

root.

-a free root.

sheila.

slipping-it-in.

sprog.

sticking-it-in.

A perfect living example of why a bloke should **never** stick-it-into-his cousin, his sister, his mother, -or his granny. **And the Poms are going to make this bloke their King.**

Knocked-up. Having a bun in the oven.

In the pudding club. Pregnant, with child.

A German sheila who sponges on the gullible Poms.

Another German sheila who sponged on both the gullible Poms and on the poor Germans.

A sexual thing, akin to copulation and shagging.

See Mary the magdalen. (Book 12. Ch 6.)

Originally an Australian generic name for 'sheilas',* but now used worldwide, thanks to globalization.

(*In Aussie-land we don't call 'em 'women', we calls 'em 'sheilas'.)

The act of true love.

The product of an act of true love.

Less lubricated and more forceful than 'slipping-it-in'.

the-bald-headed-old-Greek.	The present de-facto <i>King</i> of England, aka 'Sir Phil. the Greek'.
the birth-control pill.	A small pill that renders a sheila temporarily infertile.
the morning-after pill.	' The baby killer '. The saviour of many a dopey sheila.
to throw the leg over.	The very first step in an act of true love. The precursor to 'the parting of the whiskers'.
to drink lots of 'piss'.	To freely imbibe in an alcoholic brew, -called beer, that closely resembles urine in appearance but one which tastes much better, -or so we are assured.
to get up ones nose.	To be a source of extreme, almost unbearable, irritation.
to cark-it.	The act of dying. In this case, 'of letting-loose the royal ghost'.
to ride on the backs of others.	A way of living a life of luxury without working for it.
wogs.	An expression of the English, originally meaning;- 'westernized Oriental gentlemen'. Nowadays it is applied to persons south or east of Calais, or west of Wicklow Pier. (lat. 53° N., long. 6° W. approx.)

An explanation by the story-teller

From the feedback, (read complaints.) that the publisher has been receiving,
 it would appear that many of the dopey monarchists
 have been getting their knickers twisted over the veracity of these previous 'rumours'
 so, -for their benefit alone, we shall explain what a rumour is all about.
 This can best be done with an example.

The example* goes thus;-

Once upon a time, a dopey blonde-haired sheila went for a walk in the forest
 and, -being a dopey-blondie, she got hopelessly lost.

Whilst wandering around, -searching for a familiar sight,
 she succeeded only in becoming even more hopelessly lost.

Eventually, many-many-hours later, -somewhere deep in the forest, she came upon a little house
 and she thought- "Oh, I shall ask the people who live in this house for directions."
 whereupon she started banging upon the front door, but there was no response.
 She then tried the door and, -lifting the latch, found the door to be unlocked.

Stepping inside the house, she observed a large, very-comfortable-looking chair.

Feeling absolutely-knackered, -after her hours of wandering around the forest, she thought-
 “Oh, I shall sit down for a few moments whilst I regain my strength.”, -and she did.

Whilst seated, she detected a delicious aroma wafting through the air from the kitchen,
 the smell of which now made her feel rather hungry,
 so she rose from the chair to check it out.

Upon entering the kitchen, she espied a large pan, -full of lovely creamy porridge,
 -the sight and smell of which made her feel very-very-hungry, so she started tucking into it.

Some minutes later, with an empty pan and a full stomach,
 -and feeling close to exhaustion, she could hardly keep her eyes open.

Wandering out of the kitchen she noticed, -through an open door, a made-up bed
 upon which, she decided, she would rest for a little while, which she did.

Being completely drained of energy, and now free of the pangs of hunger, she fell fast-asleep.

It was not long after this that the owners of the house returned,
 Father Bear, Mother Bear, and Young Son Bear,
 and the rest you already know.

* From “The Australian adventures of ‘Goldilocks’.” (with apologies to the late Robert Southey.)

If you do not already know the rest, you will find it on the next page.

And Father Bear growled gruffly- "Somebody has been sitting in 'my' chair!"

Mother Bear replied- "Never mind about that! Some barstd has eaten all our porridge!"

And Young Son Bear stuck his head into the room and quietly announced-

"Well get this, 'there's a little blonde-haired sheila having a kip in my bed'
so, I'll see youse-all in the morning."

And Batman, -as he climbed into the Bat-mobile, said sternly unto Robin.

"Robin. Our job for today is to clear-up America's 'Twenty-Six-Trillion-Dollar-plus,
-and rapidly-rising, -and un-repayable, foreign debt'."

Following which, -thanks to Batman and Robin, **all the Americans lived happily ever after.**

Isn't that nice?

You cannot beat a happy ending!

Chapter Four

An Interesting Observation

**In this entire Universe, there is 'not one single thing' that Camilla¹ would covet-more
'than to be the mother of the next-in-line to the British Throne'.**

Be assured dear reader, Camilla would have tried everything under the Sun²
in her attempts to get the Drongo Prince to deliver **some 'fertile' seed,**
but alas, he could not do so for the lovely Princess Diana and, -Heaven be praised,
neither could he do it for the shifty and scheming Camilla.

The next-in-line³ to the Throne of England should then be Prince Andrew⁴, -the paedophile's friend,
but let us have the DNA tests done first, eh? -just to be sure.

--o--o--o--

¹ Camilla, -ex Parker Bowles, the adulterous second wife of Charlie, the adulterous Drongo Prince.

² Short of a double-testicle transplant or,
-of jamming a stick of dynamite up the Drongo's royal rectum;
both of which, -the writer suspects, Camilla would likely have seriously considered.

³ 'Prince' William being born of 'The Greek' out of Diana Spencer.

A fact that rules him out, there being **not the slightest trace** of 'royal' blood.

⁴ The ugly sisters will be pleased about that. Sadly, one of them, one day, may become the Queen.

Chapter Five

A most important commentary

In this chapter, the writer has questioned the paternity of *Prince Andrew* and *Prince Edward*. The many years that elapsed between the births of the Queen's children only fuels suspicion.

It was ten years after the birth of Princess Anne, before Andrew was born, and it was four years after that, before Edward was born.

Neither Andrew, nor Edward bear the slightest brotherly resemblance to Prince Charles, and nor does either of them bear any resemblance whatsoever to the other,

In this writer's book, that screams-out '**Different Fathers**'.

The reader will recall that, after the birth of Princess Anne, the blame for the 'condition' of both **Prince Charles and his sister** was squarely laid at the feet of **Prince Phillip, the Duke of Edinburgh, and both Queen Elizabeth, and The Establishment would, without question, have made absolutely certain that such a thing could never happen again.**

The whereabouts of Prince Phillip, at the time of conception of each of Prince Andrew and Prince Edward is not known.

The stable-hands, the chauffeurs, the butlers, the bodyguards and the gardeners however all remained at the Palace, where they continued to earn their keep; -perhaps even performing duties for which they were not employed.

The Internet provides an excellent collection of photographs of **Andrew** and **Edward**.

No doubt, many readers will find it amusing and entertaining in trying to imagine which category of Palace employee bears the most resemblance to these two '**royal**' persons.

To the writer's eye, *Prince Andrew* has the demeanour of 'a **chauffeur**', whilst *Prince Edward* could be easily mistaken for 'a **country-yokel gardener**'.

The fact is, '**Elizabeth Sachsen Coburg und Götha**' was not '**born of God**'.
She is no more, -and no less, than '**an ordinary German woman**'.

She has exactly the same bodily functions as every other ordinary woman. She urinates, she defecates, she breaks wind and, -in her earlier days, she menstruated. She also suffered, -as does every other ordinary woman, from '*the curse of the clitoris*', -that uncontrollable urge that causes the female of the species to be constantly on the lookout for an opportunity to fornicate.

It was not 'this' writer who once wrote-

"Whilst the cat is away, the mouse doth play."

If the reader has anything to say, it should be-

"Enough of the pretence, the lies and the deceit, -it is time for the truth.

It is time for honest and transparent genetic testing."

In very few hours, -and at very little cost, the truth could be established once and for all time in respect of the ruling German Monarchy of Britain.

The British 'German-monarch supporters' could then either proudly tell us;-

"See, 'we' were right all along."

or they could, -with humility, admit-

"Those pesky Germans, **and our own government**, really had us fooled."

This would then end the division amongst the British people, and the people of Britain's colonies.

For the sake of truth and unity, it is something that must be done.

All that is needed to be done, -in an absolutely open and transparent manner,
is for DNA samples to be taken from the following ten persons.

H.M. Elizabeth II, -Queen of England.

Sir Phil. the Greek, -the *Duke* of Edinburgh.

Charlie Sachsen-Coburg und Götha, -the *Drongo Prince*.

Anne Sachsen-Coburg und Götha, -the *Princess 'Royal'*.

Andrew Sachsen-Coburg und Götha, -the travelling *Duke* of York.

Edward Sachsen-Coburg und Götha, -the *Earl* of Wessex.

William Windsor, -aka. *Prince Willy*.

Henry James Hewitt-Spencer, -aka. *Prince Harry Wales*.

Major James Hewitt. (retired.), the alleged mysterious red-haired guardsman.

Princess Beatrice, eldest daughter of Sarah Ferguson.

Princess Eugenie, the once lovely second daughter of Sarah Ferguson
who, -it would appear, was not of the same father as her sister.

The writer would suggest that three samples be taken from each person,
and that the samples be processed by three separate and independent laboratories.

-just to be sure, -eh?

We must be mindful that DNA testing cannot ‘**prove**’ that a man **is** the father of a child. All it can tell us is that ‘**he could be**’, or that ‘**he is definitely-not**’, the father of the child.

The DNA samples taken should then be compared as follows.

Sir Phil. the Greek with Anne Sachsen-Coburg und Götha.

Sir Phil. the Greek with Andrew Sachsen-Coburg und Götha.

Sir Phil. the Greek with Edward Sachsen-Coburg und Götha.

Sir Phil. the Greek with William Battenburg-Spencer, -aka. William Windsor.

Charlie,-the Drongo *Prince* with William Battenburg-Spencer, -aka. William Windsor.

Charlie,-the Drongo *Prince* with Henry James Hewitt-Spencer, -aka. Harry Wales.

Major James Hewitt. (retired.) with Henry James Hewitt-Spencer, -aka. Harry Wales.

Andrew Sachsen-Coburg und Götha with *Princess* Beatrice.

Andrew Sachsen-Coburg und Götha with *Princess* Eugenie.

This could then show us that, either the ‘royals’ are as they claim to be,
**or that two women, -Elizabeth Sachsen-Coburg und Götha, and Sarah Ferguson,
 have got a bit of explaining to do.**

One should always remember;- ‘If one has nothing to hide, one has nothing to fear’.

It would be most interesting to see who **'could-have been'** the father of whom,
and of who **'was definitely not'** the father of whom.

**It would forever put to rest these long-murmured rumours
or, it would prove their truth and substance.**

Were she to agree to the conducting of open and transparent DNA testing and comparison,
it would show us how gracious, how noble, and how trustworthy
is the gracious, noble Queen.

**It would also expose any treachery and deceit by Britain's past and/or present political leaders,
-and their cronies.**

**The only people who can have reason to object to this simple, inexpensive process
are those who are guilty of treason, and those who have something to hide.**

It is no longer the prerogative of Elizabeth Sachsen-Coburg und Götha to dictate the terms,
'that' is now the privilege of the people of Britain,
and such testing should receive the full support of every honest monarchist and republican alike.

Only cowards, -and the guilty, are afraid to face the truth.

The writer, -as do countless millions of other people, truly believes that **Princess Diana, Dodi Al-Fayed and their chauffeur were purposely murdered** in order to prevent Princess Diana revealing the identity of the biological fathers of *Prince William* and *Prince Harry* (aka. Henry James Hewitt-Spencer.), whose fathers we believe to be the Greek (the *Duke* of Edinburgh.) and Major James Hewitt. (retired), respectively.

Well, dear reader, the truth did not die with Princess Diana. It lives on in the rumours.

If the Sachsen-Coburg und Götha mob want to disprove the rumours let them take open and transparent DNA comparison tests.

If they continue to refuse to take the tests, it can only mean that they have something to hide, -that they really are 'imposters', 'fraudsters' and 'parasites'.

People of Britain, do not let Diana's death go unquestioned or unanswered.

Do not allow yourselves to be seen as 'being afraid to pursue the truth'.

And, -just for the record, before you Poms again burst into song and start imploring 'God' to 'save' your gracious and noble Queen be advised-
"You are wasting your breath."

There isn't any 'god', there never has been any 'god', and there never will be.

Chapter Six

A 'nice' little story

The other night, -down at the pub, the lads were talking about Charlie becoming the King, and one of them was saying "King Charles this..." and "King Charles that..." and this old Irish fella, -who was sitting in the corner, didn't like what he was hearing, 'cause he is one of 'them monarchists', and 'he knows' about these things.

Jumping to his feet, -and threateningly waving an extended fore-finger at them, he angrily and loudly told them, -in his broad Irish brogue;-

"He will **not** be called King Charles!"

"We've already had a King Charles! -and we've already had a Charles the Second!"

"When His Royal Highness becomes the King, he will be called '**Charles the Turd**'."

-or at least, 'that' is what it sounded like he said, and I thought to myself;-

"Hang-on mate! Here in Australia 'we already call him that',
-after what he did to poor Diana."

Whilst the subject is still 'fresh and steaming', some more valuable information.

In 'The Good Old Days',

-when the likes of this writer was fodder for the mills, the mines, and the factories of England's North, upon the occasion of 'a turd of significant size' being deposited into the bowl of a water-closet it was customary to refer to it as being 'a King Henry'.

The Australian equivalent of such a monster is called 'a Blind Mullet'.

(A real 'Mullet' being a turd-shaped fish of similar size and taste, but one equipped with eyes.)

In Australia, we do not waste money on sewage treatment plants. We simply flush it out to sea.

The consequence of this, is that really-big Blind Mulletts, and really-big King Henrys constitute a danger to shipping and, -it is said, small craft, -not infrequently, disappear without trace. It is also not unknown, during sustained onshore winds, for King Henrys to wash-up on our beaches. It is for this reason that Australians of Intelligence 'always wear goggles' when swimming in the surf, because unexpected encounters with King Henrys, -especially 'the pointy-ended-ones', can often result in serious eye damage, or worse.

To any person contemplating a visit to Australia's beaches the writer warns;-

"If there is even the slightest hint of an onshore breeze play it safe, -and stay out of the surf!"

In closing,

-and in consideration of the present state of the English 'German Monarchy',
and in deference to the 'half-German, half-Greek Drongo' who is soon to be crowned
'Sovereign-Ruler of all Britain and her Australian, New Zealand and Canadian colonies',
it would be both courteous and timely to bestow upon 'the King Henry' a more befitting name.

A more prestigious name. A more German-Greek name.

'A turd of consequence' should therefore, -after the Coronation, be referred to as 'a King Charles'.

In the meantime, we could adopt the name 'Prince Charles', or 'Prince of Wales',

-for was it not 'a Prince of Wales' that played a major role in the sinking of the Bismarck?

Therefore, when the reader next becomes aware of '**an impending momentous occasion**',
-perhaps the result of 'an extra-large-meal of curried-beans, spiced-sausages, chips and gravy',

the reader can proudly proclaim;- "I'm off to launch another 'Prince of Wales'."

Less loyal subjects than we, will likely declare;- "I'm off to give birth to another 'Prince Charles'."

At this point, the reader may well ask;-

“Why? Why is this writer giving these German-Greek ‘royals’ such a hard time?”

“Could it be said that he doesn’t like them?”

Well, no dear reader. It is not so much that the writer ‘does not like them’, but rather that

‘He will like them a whole lot more when they, -and their hundreds of hangers-on, step from the ship and onto the wharf at Hamburg, -and thence onto the bus to Hanover, to go back to the place from whence they came’;

and then both of our countries will be free of the bludging parasites, and we can then each become the Republic that we should rightfully be.

‘The Republic of Great Britain’ and ‘The Republic of Australia’,

-and the same applies for our Canadian and Kiwi cousins.

We all deserve better than to have ‘foreign parasites’ riding around on our backs!

Just think of ‘all the good things’ that Britain could have done with the Billions of Pounds that has been wasted by the ‘Sachsen-Coburg und Götha imposters’, and their hundreds, perhaps thousands of hangers-on.

Chapter Seven

Foreign Domination

It is lamentable that the people of Britain are 'so possessed' by 'the need to be ruled-over',

and that 'not one single Briton' who is qualified, or suitable to fill the role, can be shown to exist.

The British therefore must resign to be forever ruled-over by foreigners.

Today, by a '**German**', tomorrow, by a '**German-Greek**' of decidedly inferior quality.

It is the price the British must pay for their lack of self-confidence, lack of self-respect,
and lack of self-esteem

and, keeping in mind that, -by definition

**'subjects are, -in every way, inferior to their monarch',
it should be to them a cause for everlasting shame and embarrassment.**

A small part of the price they will pay for having 'a clown for a King'
will be to be the laughing-stock of this world.

The time to cease using the word 'Great' Britain has long passed.

Chapter Eight

Conclusion

If the people of Britain feel that they really-do 'need' a king,
-perhaps because they lack the self-confidence and the courage to stand alone,
then for pity's sake, they should get themselves a decent king,
-one that they could respect and admire because;-

It is by their 'King', that they will be judged.

If this be the case, then the writer suggests that they find the very-best-one that they can.

Before all else, an applicant for the position must be a **British person**.

Britain does not need any more Germans, or Greeks, -or 'half-of-one and half-of-the-other'.

The writer would suggest that the first of the tests should be to determine intelligence
and to select say, the one-hundred of Britain's best brains.

The last thing that Britain needs would be another Drongo King.

This done, the next move should be to check upon the background of those one-hundred
where criminals, 'god-worshippers' and 'sporting-hero-worshippers' would be disqualified,
although the writer doubts that any of 'that lot' would ever find themselves in the top one-hundred.

Any disqualified persons would be replaced by the next most intelligent person.

The second test should be one of physical condition, -of strength, stamina and general health, where the best twenty of the one hundred could then be chosen to continue as likely candidates.

The test for the selected twenty should be one of courage, and strength-of-character.

Britain does not need a whimper to be its king.

Britain does not need another 'mummy's-boy' who would shoot-through at the first sign of trouble, so I'll say it again, **"It is by their 'King', that the world will judge them"**.

From the twenty could be selected the best five,
who could then be judged by their stature, bearing and appearance.

You people of Britain do not need to be ruled by an ugly, or a fattie.

This way, you Poms would end-up with a brilliant king. One that you could be really proud of, but you would have to be a bit short in the brain-department to want 'another king' in the first place.

**For pity's sake Pommy people, wake-up!
You are just being used and abused.
All this 'Blue Blood of God stuff' is just a ruse!
It is just a ploy to keep you on your knees,
-to make it easier for the 'Special People' to climb-up onto your backs.**

Chapter Nine

A question for the reader

Can anybody say?

Was it Charlie the Drongo Prince? who, -when told by his equerry;-

“Sire. The people have no bread.”

answered in his royal, cultured, aristocratic voice, -and without any sign of compassion,

“Well then. er. Then, then they’ll just have to eat cake.”

Can anybody say?

anon.

And, when all of the ice and snow has melted, (by **2038.**), and the temperature starts to soar,
 and your railway lines and your steel bridges are all buckled,
 and your roads and run-ways have all gone sticky, and your rivers have run dry,
 and your fields of green have turned to fields of dust,
 and your livestock and your poultry have all died from hunger, thirst and heat exhaustion,
 and the supermarket shelves are bare, **'with not a slice of bread in sight'**.

Well then, you Poms will just have to eat ‘cake’!

Some more questions for the reader

Does anyone know?

If the reason why '*Captain Henry*' is named Harry '**Wales**' and not Harry '**Windsor**' is because Elizabeth Sachsen-Coburg und Götha knows full well that '**he**' is not '**one of them**'?

And finally. The question now on everybody's lips is;-

"How many thousand, or million, Pommy 'Lownesses' does it take to be the equal of one half-German, half-Greek *Royal* 'Highness',?

-soon to become 'His Royal Majesty, Charlie the Turd, the Adulterous Drongo King of England'."

How sayeth thee? British person.

Chapter Ten

Who is 'your' daddy?



'twas the Twenty-Seventh-day of December, -two days after Christmas, -in the year 2013, and was a minute or two before the start of the Seven o'clock night-time news when, -on Queensland's ABC radio, the peace and tranquillity was shattered by some dopey sheila who was trying to make a big issue out of ancestral and heraldic matters.

She was, -it seemed, no different to the many other people who blindly believe the lies and deceits of those charlatans who claim to be 'experts' in the business of heraldry.

Dear reader, before **you** waste any money in trying to trace your ancestry, please consider this;-

If you had one dollar for each man who has unknowingly raised some other man's child you would be, -by far, the wealthiest person on this planet!

It was, -at around three-thousand years ago, that a blind and very astute Grecian poet wrote;-

"It is a wise child that knows (which man is) its father."

Not even once, -since that day, have words more-true been written or spoken, for it is only the mother of a child that knows for sure who the child's father was likely to be.

(This assumes, of course, that the lady was sober on the occasion of the act.)

In civilized countries, at some time after the birth of a child, the details of that child's birth are recorded by the authorities.

These records concern the date of the child's birth, the time and place of the birth, and the child's given name.

The authorities also record the married name of the mother, and her maiden name, together with the name of her husband '**whom they presume**' to be the father of the child.

In many-many-cases, those records do not show the name of the man who is, -or was, the child's real and biological father.

It is upon those inaccurate records that heraldic family-trees are based.

To commit what we today call 'adultery' is a very natural and normal thing to do.

It is in both a man's and a woman's make-up to want to do so. **It is instinctive.** The odds therefore are heavily weighted in favour of you, -or one or other of your family-tree being, -in the words of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, '**illegitimate**'.

This means that your family-tree, -on both your mother's side and on your father's side, is only accurate to as far back as the most recent adulterous birth, and that everything that is shown as being before that moment is incorrect and irrelevant. The reader should also keep in mind that contraceptive devices are a very recent phenomenon.

After the birth of a child, and during its development, the child's mother can be left in no doubt as to whether the child was born of her husband or of her, -at the time, 'bed-mate', and whether the 'bed-mate' was the local Catholic priest, the milkman, or some other libertine.

On-far-too-many-an-occasion, whilst a woman's husband was busy at his place of work, -trying to provide for his family; his loyal and faithful wife was at home keeping house and often, -at such times, was busily making good use of the matrimonial bed with, -more often than not, the local Catholic priest, or even, -on other occasions, with the milkman or other tradesperson.

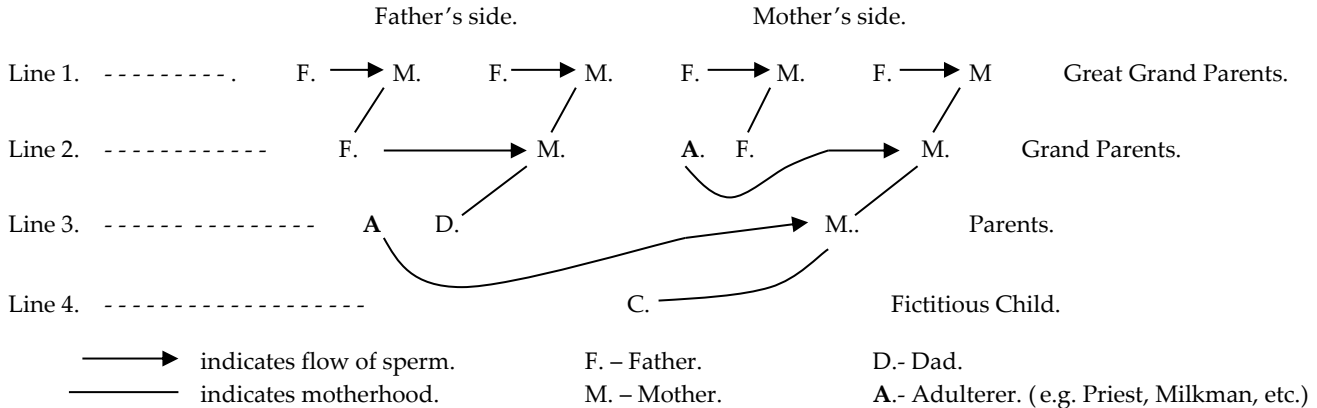
It was at moments such as these, that the husband played no part in the conception of 'his' child.

In what must be an almost unimaginable number of cases, 'the real father of a child' was not the man that the child believed to be its father, -and nor was the man, -whom the child called 'Dad', the father that he thought he was.

In such cases, where the husband was not the father of the child, then neither could the parents of the husband be the grandparents of the child. The child's real grandparents were the parents of the lady's bed-mate of the day.

This then gives the lie to what was thought to be the child's family-tree, because the family-tree of the man whom the child calls Dad, does not apply. The child's actual family-tree is really that of the unnamed cuckoo in the nest, -the interloper, -and his family-tree, as with every other family-tree, is only accurate to as far back as the most recent adulterous birth.

The following simulated Ancestral Tree may help to convince the reader.



Let us consider line 3 of this family-tree of some fictitious child.

Now, if it was the case that whilst the man that this child presently calls Dad was at work, a priest, or a milkman, had slipped-his-tool into this child's mother, and conception had occurred, then the family-tree of the man whom this child thinks of as its father would no longer apply to this 'born out of wedlock' fictitious child.

Instead, the family-tree of the priest, the milkman, or whoever it was, now becomes more relevant. The same thing would apply if this child's grandmother (line 2.) had enjoyed a similar experience.

The grandfather's part of the tree would no longer be of any consequence.

This applies to everyone, -especially to those with the Blue Blood of God flowing through their veins.

The case of- the **German-Greek Blue Bloods of England**

The Drongo Prince lays claim to being the biological father of both H.R.H. William and H.R.H. Henry. William is the spitting-image of the Greek, and bears only a half-brotherly resemblance to the Drongo, and the red-haired boy, -as everybody knows, is the son of an ex-soldier known as 'lucky' Jim. **Life-Guardsman Major James Hewitt and Diana Spencer named their child 'Henry, James'.**

Henry, -now masquerading as Prince Harry Wales, presently stands fifth-in-line to the Throne. This no doubt sticks hard in the craw of Andrew, Beatrice, and the once lovely Princess Eugenie, that yet-another commoner has stolen their rightful place in the queue to the Crown of England.

DNA testing is currently the most accurate way of determining paternity.

Such analysis however, can only tell either, that 'you could be', or that 'you are not' the father of a child, -or the child of a father. It cannot 'prove' that you are.

The paternity of 'the rapidly balding William', and of 'the thickly red-bearded Henry', (aka 'Harry'.) could be easily and quickly established once and for all time but, **the Queen refuses to permit open and transparent genetic-testing to be done.** **"She dishonestly claims that genetic 'analysis' has already been conducted, -and that it 'proved' that William and Henry were each fathered by **the infertile Drongo Prince.**"**

The English Monarchy is 'protected' by 'Section 45 of The Human Tissue Act. 2004', (Page 64.) which was most certainly enacted solely 'to prevent anyone from getting at the truth'.

There are now many-many-people who, -with good reason, distrust the word of the Queen. They consider the refusal by the Queen to permit open and transparent genetic testing to be done as being sufficient proof of the illegitimacy of both William and his half-brother Henry, and that it provides enough justification for deporting the whole lot of them back to Germany, -especially Elizabeth Sachsen-Coburg und Götha of the German House of Hanover.

(This last remark is endorsed on page 63.)

Only by perpetuating 'The Lie', is it possible for 'that ordinary old woman' and her pack of loafers,
 -and all the associated bludgers, free-loaders and hangers-on,
 to maintain their life of over-extravagant-luxury and shiftless-indolence,
 and to continue to ride-around on the backs of the unfortunate and hard-done-by British workers.

As Conspiracy Theorists contend;- **"The 'murder' of Diana and Dodi, and their chauffeur,**
 clearly showed that The Palace is prepared to go to whatever lengths are necessary
 in order to continue **'The Lie'** and to further secure and entrench their parasitic existence."

Heraldry and family-trees have not always existed.

It was in the year 1484 that H.M. Richard III, -himself known to be an illegitimate barstid, granted the first charter of incorporation to 'The College of Arms', the governing body of heraldry.

It was H.M. *Queen Mary* and her husband H.R.H. Philip of 'Spain' who, -in the year 1555, granted the present charter and established an 'Office of Arms' in Derby Street. (London. W1.)

The sole purpose of heraldry is to try to lend credibility to the monarchy.

The French, the Russian, and the German people, very wisely rid themselves of their monarchs.

Today, over eighty per cent of Spaniards are calling for an end to their monarchy.

Many Danish people and many Swedish people crave to see the back of their monarch.

The dopey Poms and the equally dopey colonials, -it would seem, are rather more gullible.

Those charlatans who compile the family-tree work on the pretence;-

'That no child was ever born out of wedlock,

and that adultery does not happen and has never taken place'

-because it suits them to do so.

Were they to admit to the truth they would then be out of a job,
and there would then be no such thing as family-trees, or Blue-Bloodied Royals.

These charlatan crooks well know this, but still they continue to promote the lies and deceit, because the money that they steal from the gullible mugs makes them very wealthy.

There are today amongst us, persons **whose total worth** is entirely dependant upon them being descended from some 'special person of yester-year'.

To those persons I must say this;-

"Think again Poor Fool. You could, -more likely, be descended from a village idiot, -or a milkman, or some poxed-up licentious Catholic priest!"

Try, dear reader -if you will, to prove me wrong!

So much then for the family-tree, heraldic arms and 'that credulous sheila' who hosted that Queensland ABC radio-programme where she promoted lies and deceit to her loyal, trusting, and equally naive audience.

Shame on you, -you naughty sheila! **Shame on you!**

These pages clearly show, -beyond any doubt,
that heraldry, -and the associated ancestral matters, are nothing less than criminal fraud.
Nothing but lies and deceit.

Any honest Attorney General, worthy of his name, would immediately give the order
'that those charlatans be arrested, charged, tried and imprisoned,
and that their assets be seized, and distributed amongst those whom they have defrauded'.

It remains to be seen, dear reader, whether 'your' country's Government is honest, -or equally corrupt.

If you are planning to bet money on it dear reader, go with 'corrupt'.

Just to remind us,

'Sachsen-Coburg und Götha'

was the family name of *Queen* Elizabeth II, -of the German House of Hanover, up until her grandfather *King* George V, -in 1917, secretly changed the family name to '**Windsor**', in an attempt to conceal from the British people, the fact that

'A German Monarchy' rules Britain.

At that time, -in 1917, Germany and Britain were at war with each other and, in England, 'being a German King accountable for the slaughter of British soldiers' was not such a good idea, -and especially when it became clearly-apparent that it was 'Britain' that was going to 'win' the war, so George Sachsen-Coburg und Götha secretly changed his name to '**Windsor**', -to save his neck, and the poor, trusting, war-weary Britons were so easily deceived, and still, -to this day, do they remain so.

Changing the name does not change the blood, nor does it change the history.

'A German Monarchy still rules Britain'.

-and Australia, -and New Zealand, -and Canada.

“What is it that makes the Sachsen-Coburg und Götha family so ‘royal’?”

Are we really expected to believe that this dysfunctional mob
have the **Blue Blood of God** flowing through their veins?
and that ‘they are as gods themselves’, -and must be treated as such?

Well, as the book, titled- **‘Religion, -the truth, or an evil hoax?’** clearly shows;-
‘God’ does not exist. There never has been any god. There never will be any god.

The ‘royals’ can now no longer claim ‘to be of God’.

They are imposters, fraudsters and parasites, -and many of them of doubtful parentage.
The lies and the deceit have gone on for too long. It is time to end the pretence.

It is time Mrs. Sachsen-Coburg und Götha to abdicate the throne,
and to hand back to the British people that which is rightfully theirs,
-and ‘that’ includes all the money, all the stocks and shares, all the expensive uniforms,
all the bullion, all the treasure and jewels, and all of the real-estate, -everything,
and for you and yours to then go back to Deutschland from whence you came!

There is, of course, another option. -‘the Guillotine!’

It is also time to ask the question;-

“Why? Why did the British Government find it so necessary to enact the ‘**Human Tissue**’ legislation?”

The sole purpose of ‘Section 45 of The Human Tissue Act of 2004.’ is to discourage a person
 -under pain of death, -or worse,
 from obtaining a sample of each of *Prince William’s*, *Prince Henry’s*, and the *Drongo Prince’s* DNA,
 and then announcing to the world that;-

**“William and Henry were not fathered by the Drongo Prince,
 and neither of them has any ‘royal blood’ in their veins.”**

For the British Government, -of that time, to have considered it necessary to enact such legislation
 they must have known, -or they must have been of the opinion,
 that *Prince William* and *Prince Henry* were not born of *Charlie the Drongo Prince*,
 and were therefore not of ‘royal blood’.

If it was the case that the British Government knew, -or were of the opinion,
 that William and Henry were each illegitimate and not of royal blood,
 then the only reason that they could have had for introducing and enacting such legislation
 was ‘**to purposely deceive**’, and to purposely continue ‘**to betray**’ the British people.

To **purposely betray**, and to purposely continue to deceive the people who trusted them.
 The people who elected them, and who trusted them to safely and honestly govern Britain.
 The people who spend most, or all of their lives working to keep Britain's economy afloat,
 and who pay the taxes and the politician's inflated salaries.
 The orphans of those who paid with their lives to defend Britain and to protect its politicians.
These are the people who are being cheated, deceived and betrayed.

If the British Government had been 'confident of the legitimacy' of William and Henry,
 they could have had 'no grounds or reason what-so-ever' to enact such legislation.
 The only objective of this legislation could have been 'to purposely conceal the truth',
 and to perpetuate the deceit, -by the German rulers, on the people of Britain.

This clearly indicates that the British Government is still deeply implicated
 in the blatant deceit of the trusting British people by the German Monarchy.
 Is that what those who fought to defend Britain died for?

The actions of Britain's Government, -in this respect, are bordering upon Perfidy and Treason.

It is now understandable why, -in Britain, 'treason' is no longer a capital crime.
 It is now clearly understandable why British politicians so strongly oppose
 the re-introduction of capital and corporal punishment.



It was the Labour Government of **Tony Blair**,
 -whose lies and/or false-propaganda led to the unjustifiable invasion of and destruction of Iraq,
-and to the consequent totally unnecessary and inexcusable deaths of too many British soldiers,
who, -in 2004, introduced Britain's current 'Human Tissue Bill'.

Blair's complicity in the destruction of Iraq has, -in turn, led to the birth of 'The Islamic State',
 and to the now uncontrollable flood of refugees and economic migrants
 which will, -no doubt, once again lead to the unnecessary deaths of many more British soldiers,
 and to the destruction of 'The British way of life',

It was the Labour Government of Tony Blair,
-that untrustworthy, gullible, 'Born Again Catholic' with the pretty face and the glib forked-tongue,
who in September 2006 passed England's Human Tissue Bill into law.

On the following page are some extracts from England's 'Human Tissue Act 2004'.

They were mostly obtained from the Human Tissue Authority's webpage.
 See more at;- <https://www.hta.gov.uk/human-tissue-act-2004#sthash.eg0RKZhr.dpuf>
 and from the University of Leicester webpage;-
<http://www2.le.ac.uk/colleges/medbiopsy>

The Human Tissue Act makes the removal, storage and use of human tissue without consent, and the taking and testing of DNA without consent, **a criminal offence.**

It applies to 'relevant material' from living persons.

Non-compliance with the Act can lead to severe penalties,

-of unbelievable fines, and imprisonment of up to fifty years,

-so determined is the British Government to conceal the truth from the people of Britain.

The Human Tissue Act 2004 regulates the removal, storage and use of human tissue.

This is defined as material that has come from a human body and consists of, or includes, human cells.

The Human Tissue Act 2004 creates a new offence of 'DNA theft'.

It is an offence to be in possession of human tissue, including hair, nail, and gametes (sperm, etc.),

with the intention of its DNA being analysed,

without having the consent of the person from whom the tissue came.

This legislation must be seen as having being enacted solely to hide the truth from the people in respect of the illegitimacy of William and Henry.

The offence of DNA theft applies UK-wide.

To find out more about the offences you can download the Human Tissue Act 2004.

If what you have just read does not convince you of the illegitimacy of William and Henry then nothing ever will.

Good old Tony Blair. He has now confirmed that everything that I have written is the truth.

As things stand today, Britain's politicians, -as with Australia's politicians, have no incentive to act in an honest, efficient and conscientious manner.

The re-introduction of corporal and capital punishment, -and the building of flogging-posts and guillotines would soon provide the incentive.

Britain's Human Tissue legislation is bad legislation. It is offensive legislation.

It was enacted by politicians guilty of betraying the people of Britain.

It must be repealed immediately,

-and **Tony Blair**, -and the other guilty, must be brought to account.

The British Government must now demand of the German Monarchy that they submit to the open and transparent DNA testing of all of those of so-called 'royal blood'.

It is time for the truth to be laid bare.

If she fails to fully comply with such a demand

Elizabeth Sachsen-Coburg und Götha should be immediately removed from the throne, and the all treasures of the Crown grasped and handed back to the people of Britain.

-Every last item of it! **-including all of the secret foreign bank accounts.**

The British Government's policy of propping-up and entrenching its foreign rulers and the hundreds, possibly thousands of 'hangers-on', is against the interests of the British people, whose interests this treacherous Government is supposedly duty-bound to protect.

Chapter 11

A matter of interest

It was announced during the Australian Broadcasting Corporation's 'News-Radio' programme, shortly after 0800 on 19 April 2015, that;-

“When the Tunisian dictator (Ben-Ali.) and his ‘royal’ family fled from Tunisia, -after the Tunisian people rose-up against him and his tyrannical regime, he stole from the Tunisian people what was estimated to be some **Eleven-Billion Dollars** in cash, gold-bullion, jewels and in the contents of secret overseas bank accounts, of which only a mere Twenty-Four-Million Dollars has been recovered.”

This has left Tunisia severely financially stressed.

It was the Al Saud royals of Arabia who granted the Tunisian thieves safe haven.

This ex-Tunisian dictator, -same as with the Al Saud royals of Arabia, was, -and remains, the good and close friend of H.R.H. Andrew, -the friend of the paedophile, and, -no doubt, of the rest of the England-based, German ‘Sachsen-Coburg und Götha family’.

**It is unlikely that the Ben-Ali thieves will ever be extradited back to Tunisia to face justice.
The Al Saud royals can now be expected to provide ‘safe haven’ for other ‘royal’ thieves.**

To be fore-warned is to be fore-armed.

People of Britain, you have been deceived for far too long.
At the time of the next election it will be 105 long years too long!
You cannot afford to wait until then.

Now is your chance to get those foreign jockeys off your back,
-but to do so, you must make your voices heard.

If the people can no longer trust their elected government to act in the people's best interests
then it is time for a new government, -even a new system of government.

People of Britain, your future lies in your own hands,
that wondrous thing 'The Republic of Great Britain' is within your reach.

The opportunity for change is with you.

Use it now, -or lose it!

On 16 March 1935, -a little over three years before the onset of World War Two, Adolf Hitler, -as Fuehrer of the German Third Reich, renounced the Treaty of Versailles and was amassing a considerable army.

The German Navy had the biggest battleships this world had ever seen;
-the Scharnhorst, the Gneisenau, the Bismarck and the Tirpitz,
plus the pocket-battleship the Graf Spee, plus older ones, and still more were being built. The Germans were building huge fleets of the very latest and most powerful submarines. The Luftwaffe had many squadrons of the biggest bombers and the world's best fighter aircraft, and many more were in production.

The V1 flying bomb and the V2 rocket were in advanced stages of design.

The German Army's Armoured Division had many hundreds of the latest tanks. Germany's foot soldiers were well-dressed, well-trained, well-equipped and well-disciplined, and Germany was beginning to flex its very-powerful muscles.

The Italian fascist dictator, Benito Mussolini was soon to be allied with Hitler, and was also building a considerable war machine.

Japan, with its very-powerful war machine was also soon to become an ally.

Many Britons, -young and old, -both soldier and civilian, were soon to die, as the result.

The German Monarchy's British Government of that time appears to have been 'asleep' and, -in 1935, Britain was totally unprepared for war and was completely un-armed.

The words "**Peace in our time.**" were on the lips of Britain's and Australia's politicians.

Please consider this in the light of what follows, and ask the question-

'Why? was Britain purposely kept un-armed and defenceless'.

In 1935-36, in the whole of Britain, and in the whole of Australia, Canada and New Zealand, how many people, -would the reader suspect, were practicing 'clicking their heels together' and, -at the same time, 'thrusting their right arm forward and upward', saluting, and proclaiming their support for, Adolph Hitler with the words "Heil Hitler"?

How many, dear reader?

Well, the writer can name three German Aristocrats who were seen to be doing this, and there is photographic evidence to support it.

They were;- **Elizabeth Sachsen-Coburg und Götha.** (today's Queen.)

Margaret Sachsen-Coburg und Götha. (her sister.)

Edward Sachsen-Coburg und Götha. (the then 'next King of England'.)

and undoubtedly, though not pictured, **George Sachsen-Coburg und Götha** himself,

-the then German King of England,

Changing the name does not change the blood, and neither does it change the loyalties.

In this writer's book such a thing is 'Treason'.

If this British entrenched system of mis-government
will not rid us of the German Monarchy of Britain,
then we must get ourselves a new system of government,
and we should then round-up these German-Monarchy loving culprits,
-some might call them 'traitors',
and put them on trial to answer for their crimes.

And please keep in mind, dear reader,
the air over Antarctica is getting warmer by the hour,

The people of England have for too long been deceived by the German imposters.
The time has come to demand the truth; England cannot continue to live a lie.

William is the product of a Greek of unknown origin and a common English girl.
There is not a trace of 'royal' blood in his entire being.
He has no claim whatsoever to 'the crown' of England.

Henry, is also known as '**Harry Wales**'.
and is the product of a red-haired Irish commoner and the same English girl.
Once again, not the slightest trace of 'royal' blood.

**Neither William nor Henry bear even the slightest resemblance to the Drongo,
but they do each look remarkably like their fathers.**

All that is needed are fingernail clippings from William, Henry, and Charles;
blood samples would be even better, and paternity testing will do the rest.

**It is essential the testing be carried out by three or more separate laboratories,
and under the strictest surveillance because deception is in the blood of these 'pretenders'**

The wealth of the English monarchy, -which is considerable, belongs to the people of England.
Neither William, nor Henry, nor any of the other imposters have any claim to it;
for too long they have ridden on the backs of the English man and woman.

**The time has come to get the parasites off your backs.
and you should start by getting rid of those politicians who support the monarchy.**

A message from the writer.

To my Pommy, Welsh and Scottish mates I say this -

“If you can stomach what you have just read about your ‘royal and noble monarchy’, and if you do not find it offensive to have the German Aristocracy riding around on **your** backs, -and living a life of obscene luxury and decadence on the sweat and the pain of **your** labours, then do nothing old mate. Just relax. **Just go back to sleep.**”

But, if you resent having idle, useless, and illegitimate foreign parasites feeding off you, then get up off your backside and fight for ‘the Republic’, -your Republic, because if ‘you’ don’t do something about it, nobody will.”

The German Aristocracy belongs in Germany, not in Britain!

The checking of a person's DNA is simple, quick and painless, -and costs very little.

Analysing the DNA of the persons named on pages 40 and 41 of this book would show either-
'that the Royals really are who they claim to be,'
'or it would prove them to be a pack of Imposters and Parasites'.

Demand that the tests be done!

**The wealth of the monarchy belongs to the people of Britain,
not to the Sachsen-Coburg und Götha crowd.**

Demand the handing-back of every last penny!

If **Charlie Sachsen-Coburg und Götha**, -aka 'Charlie the Drongo Prince', wants to be a king,
then let him be 'The King of Deutschland', or 'The King of Greece'.
Let us find out how long the German or the Greek people would put-up with him.
I'll tell you mate, it wouldn't take those lads long to build a Guillotine.

Well I've done my bit, now it's up to **You!**"

Your mate, **The Real Republican**

Veriticus